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SPRING 1970

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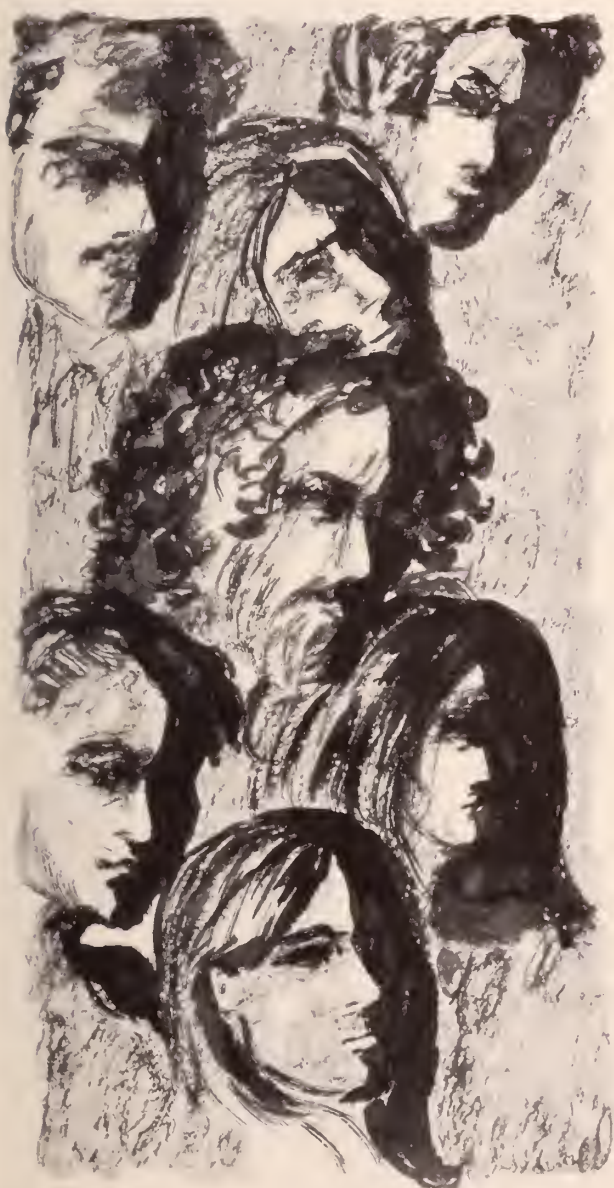
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★ PRIZE WINNERS

Breaking Down Near Dawn in Carolina — FRANK DWYER
Welsh Memories: Fragment — HENRY GASQUE, JR.



Harvesters

A dozen flamingos
pirouette on their salt water stage
black stockings in a certain step

a tom-tom of toads
a rumor of crickets
(a gull scouts discreetly
in circles

The Irregular Everglade Ballet Company
coordinates
up and down
turning and scooping a dozen skinny pink bills
like a dozen long soda spoons.
Millions of diatom skeletons
fill the bills of the eaters.
These water harvesters are pinker
and more vertical
than Van Gogh's potato eaters,
and thus the disparity stops.
For what combine is conscious of its iron?

some vertical stockinged birds
translate into a troupe
of ballet dancers
kicking up
coordinating
in the polysyllabic salt air

In Athens,

Georgia
a primitive alphabet
WELCOMES YOU TO THE FLAMINGO DINER
hunched inside on stools
we poke
at 35¢ strawberry skeletons,
for what we do
we do dreaming
like pink flamingos dabbling
between weed and sedge and spring.

— Joel Arsenault

ATZOS

I

as to the sudden wideness
between word
and word
I am come at once
unto this sea

incense of salt
borne
above the waves,
echo of coral

I have been afraid
of these
mute sands

is this silence
a horizon
with the sea?

II

salt is
my stillness
is coral

beside the water
my silence
is cast

I had come far
to come
this far

now

I am grown hollow . . .
the winds
sing in me

—Mark Smith

To Liszt

She is old now, Jeremiah,
Locked within a veil of glass,
Should a stranger stare to know her
Sunlight dies until they pass.

Meet her softly, dawn of evening,
Lighting night dreams on the earth,
Mistress to a realm of prowlers,
Hate and love betray her worth.

Know the lemming, mourn the leopard,
Drink the future of her face.
Bloodless hand slips down the mantle,
Ancient network of black lace.

Splinters of her broken mirror
Sparkle on royal river's cloak,
Gliding bow with frothing swan's head
Tears the stillness of its folds.

Gray wall slumping near the waters,
Lapsing painfully towards death,
Stained by humors of ancestry —
Humbled guard with sickened breath.

Hounds' despondent baying echoes,
Fir tree chorus moans in dance,
Rhapsody of bells and clockwork,
Through stained windows shadows glance.

Roses nodding in the dust glow,
Kittens yawning, jaws stretched wide,
Why the dark grass for her cradle,
Crazed wind's lullaby abide?

—Sharon Hudnall



—Richard Richardson

On The White Open Spaces

the Lone Ranger still rides off.
No one steps forward to unmask him for us.

We used to be given to know his name
way before those folks in the show
asked and were told in the last ten seconds
but now no one steps forward.

What do we have to go on, then?
Some silver bullets to puzzle over;
the sound of fading hooves
soon to tarnish:

As the day is long.
Like greased lightning.
Straight as an arrow.
Tall in the saddle.

We try to name him
in the space allowed.

—William Holland

Like A Wave Breaking

like a wave, breaking,
he is interrupted, hurled upon rock,
or bleached bone or table or altar

he is suspended
at the moment of the force
for eons, caught
in the measure of rocks growing

constantly he is writhing
while the slow sound of mountains always echoes, hums

—Edward Gold



—Bill Oakes

Empty Faces

—RON STOKES

Paul removed the lid from the styrofoam ice-chest and pulled a Schlitz from its six-pack container. He snapped open the top and took a small drink. The coolness against his lips and in his mouth made him feel chilled; an indication that he had been in the sun too long. He looked about the crowded beach at the thousands of faces, people he would never know and never see again, all brought together because they had a little time and a mutual searching: fun, amusement, pleasure; an escape from a dead winter and dull classes; or merely a yearning to be anywhere but home. The beach was filled with young girls broiling themselves in the sun. Their bodies were supple and vibrant, sensually youthful, and barely covered by small, two-piece suits. A girl clad in a pink, floral costume walked towards him. He sipped his beer and watched her as she passed, her two shapely mounds swaying invitingly. I wouldn't mind getting some of that he thought as he lay back on the blanket, resting himself on one arm. He looked about again, and it was then that he noticed her, brushing her hair, long and dark, over her shoulder. He sat up and looked more intently. It was too coincidental meeting her here, too much like the movies—Why so-and-so, funny meeting you here. Yes isn't it, such a small world after all. How many times had he heard those lines and scoffed at the absurdity of them. Yet it certainly looked like her. Even her figure was recognizable, although he had never seen her in a bathing suit before. He turned to Don who lay next to him and poured some of the cold beer onto his naked abdomen. He raised his head and lifted his sunglasses.

"Hey. I think I see my roommate's girl over there."

"Who? Gardner's?"

"Yeah."

Don raised his head a little higher. "Where?"

Paul pointed to where she sat. "There. The brunette brushin' her hair."

"Lemme have a sip o' that." Don took the can from Paul's hand and nodded his head. "Yeah, yeah. Ain' a bad lookin' quail." He took a sip of the beer and placed his head back on the blanket, dropping his glasses over his eyes. "Why don't you go down and say hi to her?"

Paul took back his beer and stood up, brushing the sand from his lap onto his friend's damp belly. "I'll be back in a while."

"Yeah, okay." Don stuck his head up again, sliding his glasses up onto his forehead as if they hindered his conversation. "Ask her if she knows any quails she can hook us up with for the evening hours, okay?"

"A'right."

Paul maneuvered his way through an obstacle course of blankets and greased bodies that were randomly sprawled over the beach in any place that would afford them a maximum exposure of sun. When he finally reached her blanket, Mary was lying on her back, already committing herself to an afternoon of dormancy. He did not disturb her at first, but stood a foot away from her, sipping his beer and studying her features. His eyes were first attracted to her breasts which were round and full, and barely covered by her brief costume. Her skin was taut about her stomach

and thighs, and he felt with his eyes the rich smoothness of her satiny flesh. My God, he thought. Why the hell has she been wasting herself on that dolt for the last three years. He shifted closer, and stood so that he blocked the sun from her face. She felt the sudden coolness, and opening her eyes looked up at the figure that stood over her. She did not recognize him at first, for the sun glared over his shoulder and prevented her seeing clearly. It was not until he spoke that she realized it was Paul. She was surprisingly excited to see him, and when he sat down next to her she put her hand on his shoulder and smiled at him affectionately. He laughed to himself when she mentioned something about it being a small world. Taking her cues right from the movies, he thought.

"How long have you been down here?"

"We've been down all week." He watched her mouth as she spoke, enticed by its passionate fullness. "We flew down on Monday."

"Flew down? God, if I had known, you could've driven down with us. Me 'n' Don, Don Matson, I don't know if you know him. But yeah, we were lookin' all over for riders, couldn't find anybody who was game. I wish to hell I knew you were comin'. We coulda had a blast-ana-half." He sounded disappointed.

"Well I came down with four other girls so it might've been a bit cramped anyway," she said consolingly.

"Hell, we wouldn't've minded." He finished his beer and pushed the empty can in the sand.

"When did you come down?" she asked.

"We just got here yesterday. Yeah, we stopped off at Delray Beach for a coupla days, then decided to drive down here." He glanced at her breast, and embarrassingly noticed that she had been watching his eyes.

"Nice over there?"

"Huh? Yeah, real nice. Well, I mean it's alright. There aren't many girls around there or anything though. No. I guess everybody's heard of Miami, or Palm Beach, or here, so that must be where everybody goes. We came down here 'cause of this party we planned up in Ellsworth. A whole bunch of us got together and decided to meet here tonight at the Four Lanterns. It oughta be a good time, so we figured we'd come down."

Mary was sitting uncomfortably and shifted her position. Paul glanced again at the rounded swells that blossomed from her tightly fitting top and quivered pleasantly when she moved.

"Hey, you know, how come John didn't tell me you were comin' down?"

Her expression changed, and she answered irritably. "Probably 'cause he was angry. He didn't want me to come. D'you know he didn't even come to see me off at the airport? D'you believe that? I don't know

what's wrong with him. Well I guess I don't have to tell you; you know him."

"Yeah, yeah. Well, John's alright; he's just funny sometimes. Maybe he was a little bit jealous 'cause he couldn't come himself, you know? I asked him if he wanted to come with us, but he said he didn't have the cash, so I didn't push the matter. He's alright though. I'm sure he's got something, otherwise you wouldn't've been going with him all this time."

Yes, yes, she nodded. She didn't want to speak about John anymore. Paul sensed it, and changed the subject. They sat there for quite a while, and spoke about many different things, until Paul suggested they go in the water. He had become hot and uncomfortable sitting in the sun so long, and the water's green coolness had tempted him. Mary was apprehensive about the skimpiness of her bathing suit and didn't want to go in. Paul finally had to grab her arm and drag her into the water. Once she was in, she was no longer concerned about it, as if being in the water eliminated the need for modesty.

They played boisterously in the surf. Paul would lift Mary on his shoulder and drop her into the water. Laughing, she would try to avenge her immodest dunking by claspng her arms around his neck and pulling him under. From the way that they acted one would have thought there was a permanence in their relationship. Yet they were only friends-of-a-friend, and their association with each other had always been distant. There had been a few unusual intimacies between them, but they had been denied, repudiated, and only remained in their minds as illusionary images that may or may not have happened.

After they left the water, they returned to Mary's blanket. They lay drying themselves in the sun until Don, rousing himself at last, came looking for Paul. He was introduced to Mary, and discovering that Paul had not asked her his question, asked her himself. She was positive she could find someone for him but refused to do the same for Paul: he would have to be satisfied with her. Paul was reluctant, or at least feigned reluctance, but after very little persuasion decided that it wouldn't hurt for him just to accompany her.

Paul wasn't concerned with leaving, but he sensed Don's impatience, and told Mary that they had to leave.

"Well, if you want to run, go ahead. I told the other girls I'd meet them here, so I'd better stay. Are you gonna pick me up tonight then?"

"Yeah. About eight-thirty or nine o'clock, that okay?"

"Sure."

"Oh. Where you staying?"

"The Conquistador. That's over on E street. We're in room three-eleven. You want me to write that down?"

"No. I'll remember it. Three-eleven."

Don was already standing a few feet from the blanket.

"Listen Don, you come along and I'm sure I'll have someone for you, okay?"

"Yeah, okay. Thanks." He nodded his gratification.

Paul stood up, and brushed the sand from his hands. "We'd better run now. I'll see you tonight about nine, okay? Bye."

"Bye."

As they trudged across the sand to their blanket, Don repeated several times in an insinuating undertone—"Snake, snake." Paul turned to him and smiled. "Jealous?" Don flicked his glasses up on his head and turned to look at Mary. "Could be," he said, nodding his head.

They gathered up their belongings, emptied them of sand, and left the beach.

Paul tightened his tie and studied it in the mirror; it didn't fit right. He undid it. Ever since he had left Mary he had thought about the strange impressions he has always had of her, and the scattered incidents that had given rise to them. He had first known her through John, the boy he had been living with since September. They belonged to the same circle of friends, and it was through this association that their friendship had developed. Yet in all the time that he had known John, he had rarely even spoken to Mary. That was John's one peculiarity. Whenever he was with her he would remain aloof from anyone else, as if he feared that such an interaction would jeopardize his position. Perhaps it was merely a personal resentment, but Paul felt that this self-imposed ostracism was directed at him particularly. He had never mentioned it, believing that everyone was entitled to his own idiosyncrasies. Yet despite that belief, it was still disturbing for he felt a strong attraction to Mary. A few times when John had become so drunk that he was indifferent, Mary had made approaches toward Paul. On one occasion she had come over to him and, as she rubbed his arm in a very sensual way, told him that she would like to know him better. His mind had been saturated with alcohol, and he had put his hand on her breast. She didn't stop him. She didn't move. She only said I'd like to get to know you too—he remembered that distinctly. Later that same night, after he had sobered up considerably, Mary followed him into the bedroom when he went to get Ann's coat. She began to kiss him passionately, and he only escaped by forcefully extricating himself from her. She had tried to excuse herself by saying she had thought it had been John. Paul had almost believed her too, because at the next party she acted very coolly towards him. Then practically the same identical thing happened a month later, and she used the same excuse. He came close to having a fight with John that time. Of course he must have known it was Mary, so he had no justification in starting any trouble. But after that

John grew even more cautious at parties, even curbing how much he drank.

Paul was displeased with the way his tie looked, and decided not to wear it. He walked into the bedroom. Don was wearing a loud shirt that he had bought in Delray Beach.

"You're not gonna wear that thing are you?"

Don was offended. "Sure, that's what they all wear down here. Didn't you see all those people today?"

"But they were all over fifty."

"Yeah? You see, you're gonna be out of place tonight. C'mon, you ready?"

Paul checked himself in the mirror before he left. They walked to the Conquistador and arrived five minutes early. The girls were ready. Don was introduced to Barbra, an attractive blond who had traveled with Mary. They walked to the Four Lanterns. When they arrived the place was already half-filled with students from Ellsworth. Paul knew some people, but many of them were unfamiliar except perhaps by facial recognition.

It was a good party. It was everybody's last night in Florida, and they were spending all their money on drinks. By one o'clock nearly everyone was pitifully drunk. Mary had fallen asleep on a couch in the lobby. Paul was searching frantically for Don. He found him in the men's room, asleep at a urinal. He shook him.

"Don, hey Don. C'mon man. You gotta do me a big favor."

Don's eyes were closed, but he began to mumble—"Wow, yeah man."

He shook him again until he opened his eyes.

"Don, hey listen. You gotta do me a big favor. You lis'nin'?"

He nodded sluggishly.

"Listen, you gotta sleep in the car tonight. Okay, you mind?"

Don stood up straight, and smiled. "Wa' for?" He began to laugh. "Ah-h, I know what for. You somabitch, I know what for."

"Yeah, yeah, alright." Paul grabbed him by the shoulders. "So will you do it? Huh? You're not gonna forget are you? Gimme your key, I wanna be sure."

"C'mon. You can trust your buddy."

"Not when you're whacked like this." He searched him for his keys.

"A'right, a'right, you're right. I'm whacked. Here." He struggled in his pocket until he found his key and gave it to Paul. He took it, and as he was leaving he could hear Don laughing behind him. "Snake, snake! You somabitch. You goddamn snake."

He woke Mary up, and told her he was taking her back. He put his arm around her waist and half-carried her outside.

"C'mon Mary. Can you walk? I can't carry you all the way back."

"Yeah," she said languidly. "Just let me sit here for a minute." She sat down on a wooden bench and hoisting up her skirt indifferently put her head between her legs. He watched her for a few minutes and then tapped her on the back. She sat up and said she was fine now and she thought she could make it. They walked together slowly, arm-in-arm, until they reached his hotel. She did not object or even mention his error. When he opened his room she ran inside and fell on his bed.

"No. Don't turn on the light. My eyes couldn't take it right now."

He sat on the bed and stooped over to kiss her. She laughed, and held his face as she kissed him again. He lay down next to her, and they kissed in the darkness, sometimes passionately and othertimes gently. Mary fell asleep, and he began to undress her. She only resisted slightly, merely fulfilling a part that she was expected to play. She didn't let herself be undressed completely, insisting that she keep her pants on. She asked him to get changed and join her under the sheets. He did so, and they kissed again, more passionately. He removed her last bit of clothing, and gently smothered himself in her softness.

Only once did she think, this isn't John: it's someone else. But she didn't even care.

When it was over, they slept.

Mary felt a gentle rubbing on her back and waking up, turned to see Paul sitting up in bed massaging her and studying her nakedness. She flew around wildly and pulled the sheets about her.

Paul looked at her confusedly. "My God. The original Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde. You sure've changed since last night."

She spoke frantically. "What am I doing here?" Her head ached terribly.

"Oh my God. Don't tell me you're one of *those*. You don't remember a thing, right?"

Silence. She didn't dare deny what she now plainly recollected. She pulled the sheets more snugly around her. This time there could be no excuse; there was no graceful way to back out. Paul was smiling. The attraction she had felt towards him had changed to an equally intense abhorance.

"I'm waiting," he said.

She looked at him curiously. "For what?"

"For the old gee-I'm-sorry-we-did-it routine. I can see it coming. You have all the symptoms. Nearly every girl I go to bed with shows them the next morning. C'mon." He smiled sympathetically to show her that he understood her predicament. "Get dressed and I'll take you back." He tugged at the sheets jokingly.

She pulled them to her. "I'll get ready when you leave." Her tone was calm.

"Oh," he said, and sat quietly looking at her.

"John will find out." She said it with such conviction

it startled him. "I know he will. I didn't go back to the hotel last night. The word'll get around. It'll get back to him somehow."

"No it won't. Who's gonna tell? The only way he's gonna find out is if you tell him."

She began to cry. "But he will find out. I know he will."

"Oh Christ," he said, and angrily got out of bed without bothering to cover his nakedness. She turned away as he walked into the bathroom.

As soon as she heard the shower running, she got out of bed and dressed herself hurriedly. When he came out of the bathroom she was gone.

He cursed to himself, and threw the damp towel on the floor. He would have to tell John. It would be better that way than having him find out from another source. He would figure out a way to tell him. He knew John. It would be better that way.

* * *

John looked at his bed. It was damned tempting. He looked back at the muddle of papers containing countless numbers of derivations that lay on his desk. Just one more problem, he thought. Much better to get it out of the way now and sleep in the morning. He flipped to page two-ninety-one. Theorem twenty-six shows that the relation is justified for x greater than zero, since the intergrand f —. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

"Hey! Can you open up?" It was Paul's voice.

John opened the door. "Thanks." Paul stumbled in with an arm full of clothes and suitcases, and walking across the room, dropped them on his bed. "Phew. The elevator was busted, so I had to walk up six floors with this crap."

"That's typical, huh? When you need the damn thing it never works. I thought maybe you weren't coming back tonight."

"Yeah. We just pulled in from Florida a while ago. Pretty long haul. Stopped off at home, 'n' came right over."

"You gotta hell of a tan alright. Guess Florida must've been good huh?"

"Yeah, yeah. Was really great. You shoulda come." He laughed to himself at the irony of that statement.

"No money. Besides I had to get caught up in my work. I was just finishing my last math problem."

"I didn't crack a book the whole vacation. What the hell though, huh. How was it at home?"

"So-so. You know how it is. Once you get away from the old lady it's hard to go back and get used to her nagging again. It was alright I guess. Listen, you got anymore stuff out in the car I can help you with?"

"Na, na. This is all I'm bringin' up." His expression suddenly changed. "Actually, I'm just stopping by."

"You going back home?"

"No, no. I've got something I gotta tell you. Have you seen Mary tonight at all?"

"Mary? No, why? She's not back yet." John looked puzzled. "Why d'you ask me about Mary?"

Paul could feel his face burning. He could wait, he didn't have to tell him. He sat down on the edge of his bed. "Do me a favor, will you sit down?"

John sat down feebly.

"You relaxed?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm relaxed. Now will you tell me what the hell's happened to Mary."

"Nothing's happened to her. Well, um, nothing serious that is. Now just relax, okay? She was down in Florida. I guess you know that. Well I met her down there, and to be blunt, I went out with her."

"Well, I don't care."

"Will you wait a minute. I'm not finished yet."

"Oh." Silence.

"So anyway, we went to that big party. Remember? The one I told you we all got together and planned before we left. Well I took her there. Damn, this is ridiculous. I wouldn't even tell you this if I didn't think it would be worse if it came back to you later. And I feel bad 'cause you're a friend and all. I don't know. Christ, I don't know. Anyway, to get right down to it, she came back to my place, and—uh—spent the night. You know? And that's it. I'd say I was sorry, but—" He shrugged his shoulders.

John did not move; he sat awkwardly in his chair, senselessly rubbing his hands on his thighs. Then he sat motionless, thoughtless; insensitive to the tension in the room. He did not strike at Paul; the thought never occurred to him: Paul was only the messenger of her unfaithfulness; he did not see him as the betrayer.

The long silence made Paul impatient. "We were drunk," he said softly.

John looked up, his eyes embarrassingly red. "Is that meant to be consoling? Why? Why'd you do it Paul? What'd I ever do to you?"

"Hey, listen. It wasn't anything vengeful like that. We were just out of it, you know."

John was not even listening, he was moaning to himself. "You know how much she means to me. I've been going with her for over three years and just like that, you just."

"We were drunk, you know?"

"Yeah, I know, I know," John said petulantly.

There was a short silence.

"Well, listen, uh, John. I feel really bad about this, and I've thought about it quite a while. In fact, I thought about it all the way back, you know. It's really been buggin' me. So I thought to myself, how could I really make it up to him, you know, show you how bad I feel. And well, I decided to let you, you know, have Ann for a night."

"Ann?"

"Yeah. Like I said, I've really thought about it a lot. It's the only fair thing I could come up with. I'll even pay for a room somewhere."

"But Ann's your fiancée!"

"I know, but it's only fair. You've gone with Mary just as long. What else can I do?"

"Boy, you are really screwed up!"

"Hey, listen. It's no worse than wife-swapping, and we're not even married yet. It's only fair. Do you want to or not?"

John answered vindictively. "Yeah! Okay! If it makes you feel better."

Christ no! he thought. You're meant to say no you jackass. "You wanna do it! You don't have to just to appease me, you know."

"I'm not worried about you, not at all. Yeah, I'll do it."

"Well, okay. I'm a man of my word." He took his wallet from his back pocket and handed John a bill. "Here's twenty bucks. That oughta cover any place you take her. Well, we're even now, right, or after next week or whenever? So, seeing how I've settled my score with you, I figure something like this would really make living between us difficult. So, Matson's roommate flunked out last semester, so he's been without anyone in his room. I think I'll be moving down there. Soon as I get the GR's permission anyway. I'm gonna sleep down there tonight. I'll come pick up anything I left later on, alright? So, I'll see you." Without speaking again, he picked up one of his suitcases and left the room.

John dropped the twenty dollars on his desk. He tried to cry, but he was not sad so much as he was frustrated. He took Mary's picture from his dresser and threw it across the room. That didn't help either, so he lay down on his bed and did nothing.

* * *

John called Ann on Tuesday. She had spoken to Paul, and had been expecting him.

JOHN: I suppose you know what went on and all?

ANN: I always do.

JOHN: Yeah, well. This is silly. I don't suppose he told you.

ANN: Oh, yes. You mean about you and me?

JOHN: Yeah, but it's silly.

ANN: No, no. I don't think so. I'm willing to go along with it. I mean, I've had enough of his foolishness. He thinks he can keep making a fool out of me, and now this cute little plan. No, as he would say, it's only fair. I'm very willing to go along with it.

JOHN: Well, maybe you're right, I guess. It is only fair. I was thinking about this Saturday, is that alright?

ANN: Sure, sure, that's fine.

JOHN: Okay, well I figured we could go to a movie or something, and you know.

ANN: (interrupting him) You work it all out and I'll go along with it.

JOHN: Okay, whataya think, seven-thirty or eight o'clock sound alright?

ANN: Like I said, fine.

JOHN: Alright. I won't take anymore of your time then. So, Saturday about eight? Okay?

ANN: Alright. Bye now.

JOHN: Bye.

* * *

The Slythmore Motel was located on route fifty-seven, five miles north of the Ellsworth campus. It cost eight dollars to rent a room for three hours, and fifteen dollars for all night.

Around eleven o'clock on Saturday night, John and Ann drove into the motel's parking lot.

"You gonna wait here?"

"Yeah, I think I will."

John got out of the car and walked into the front office. A small bell rang as he opened the door. A young girl jumped out of the clerk's lap. He sat bewildered until he noticed John standing in the doorway. He pulled himself from his chair and stepped behind the counter. He was an adolescent boy shabbily dressed in a yellowish t-shirt and jeans. His hair was combed back and greased into place except for the scruff of a pompadour that hung over his forehead. The room was permeated with the stale odor of perspiration.

"Wanna room?"

"Yeah, I suppose so."

"Three hours or all night."

"All night I suppose."

"Alright. Fifteen dollars."

John took the twenty dollars from his wallet and laid it on the counter. The boy took it, and opening a drawer, removed five dollars change and a key.

"Room eleven, sir."

"Thank you. Say, does that room have a t.v.?"

"Huh? A television? Yeah, it's got one. You plannin' on watchin' it?" He laughed and stopped abruptly. "Yeah, it's got one."

"Thank you."

John walked back outside and let Ann out of the car. "We're in room eleven." She stepped out, modestly holding down her skirt. When they got to the room, John fumbled with the keys for a while, but managed to finally open the door. It was a small room, about fifteen feet by twenty feet, and contained a television set, a lounge chair, a dresser, a few lamps, and a double bed. As he helped her off with her coat, he noticed her glancing at the bed. He removed his

own jacket and loosened his tie. She was watching him with an equal amount of suspicion.

"Relax. I'm just getting comfortable. Would you like to watch some television?"

She nodded, and sat in the lounge chair. The Tonight Show had just begun. "But before we hear from Johnny, here's a word from—" It was a Budwiser beer commercial. John removed his shoes and sat on the bed, propping himself up against its headboard. There was an awkward tension between them, an unsureness of the other person's intentions. John had not even thought about what he would do once they had gotten the room. He had somehow hoped that they would not have gotten that far. But Ann had been compliant and even insistent in carrying the entire plan through. Had he not felt so uneasy he probably would have laughed at the absurdity of it. We must talk, he thought. If anything is going to happen at all, we're going to have to talk to each other.

"What'd you think of the movie?" he said.

She turned to him. "Oh. I thought it was very interesting. I didn't believe some of those scenes in there. I didn't think they allowed that kind of stuff on the screen."

"Everything's getting more liberal. I'd like to read the book and see how Lawrence describes it. D'you ever read anything of his?"

She shook her head.

"What'd you think the symbolism was?"

"I don't know. In the newspaper they said that the fox was the male image or something. I don't know, I got the impression it represented her sexual development. But I don't know much about Lawrence."

"Yeah, me neither. I keep meaning to read something of his like *Lady Chatterly's Lover* or something but I never get around to it."

"You sound like me there. I never read half of what I want to."

"Well, it's rough for me. I've only had one literature course. All my time is spent on my science courses."

"Your major's biology, right?"

"Yeah, general bio. What about you?"

"English, well, education, but English is my area of concentration."

"Gonna teach, huh? Yeah." He didn't want to force the conversation, and it ended. He looked back at the television. Ann removed a paperback from her purse and began reading it. Flip Wilson was performing on the television.

"Hey. Flip Wilson. D'you like him?"

She looked up from her book briefly. "Sometimes." It was silent again, except for the television.

"What're you reading?"

"*Mansfield Park*, it's by Jane Austen."

"D'you ever read *Emma*? I had to read that for a

history course. D'you believe that? It was meant to give me insight into the social structure in those days. The only insight I got was that they were a bunch of phonies."

"You didn't like *Emma*? I really found it enjoyable."

"It figures a woman would go for that kind of stuff. It wasn't that I disliked her style or anything it's just that, I don't know, they had such a screwed up way of looking at things. Like love for instance."

"What was wrong with the way they looked at love?"

"I don't know, in the first place, in the whole book she never has them kiss or anything, not even hold hands, in the whole book, and then they don't get married until they're thirty."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Well, they don't have any kind of sexual outlet at all until they're thirty, unless they all masturbated like crazy or something. They had to have some sexual outlet in thirty years."

"Who says you have to have a sexual outlet?"

"Well, nobody says it. You just have to, that's all."

"Maybe that's just what society makes you believe."

"What d'you mean?"

"Well, take for example advertising, publishing, anything, why even that movie we just saw, they all make their money on making you believe sex is the center of existence. That without it, life would be impossible."

"Yeah, I guess that's true. I've heard that said before. Our society is sex-centered, but at the same time, anti-sexual. They bombard us with all this crap and then we have the Church, or censors, or somebody tell us it's all wrong. I guess they weren't any phonier in Jane Austen's day than they are now. Everyone tries to hide the fact that they have a sexual instinct. And yet it's really only natural, you know. Yet you always see people who get shocked as hell when they hear a four-letter word or see a nude woman. It's so phony. I think that's what I really hate more than anything."

"What else didn't you like about *Emma*?"

"I'll tell you what else, they were always conniving to get each other hooked up. Now that turns me off. That's what really turns me off about your whole sex—you're a bunch of connivers. I swear it. And you're very tricky about it too. You usually wait until you've got a fellow feeling pretty cosy before you start springing your tricks."

"Don't talk like that. You just sound like someone who's been hurt. We're not all connivers."

"I don't know. You know something else about women that kills me, you're a bunch of exhibitionist, I mean it. I'll go to the library to study and I'll probably waste half the night gaping at some girl across from me who's too lazy to pull her skirt down a bit. And I

don't like doing that really. But you can't help it. I think your sex should take a course on the male, and maybe you'd be a little more careful about doing things like that."

Ann laughed. "You amuse me. D'you ever think that maybe you need a little education on the female sex."

"Now that's impossible. They could never find anybody who knew enough to teach it."

"Oh C'mon. All the time I've been dating Paul, I still haven't figured him out."

"Hey, listen. D'you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"It depends. I guess not."

"Why'd you go along with this thing? I mean, why'd you let Paul treat you like that. You know, use you as a bartering agent almost?"

"Well. I went along with it because I didn't think he'd expect me to. I'd really be hurt if I had thought he meant it, but I don't think he did. It was one of his jokes, one I caught on to and switched around on him."

"But why'd he go to Mary? Weren't you enough for him?"

"I guess not."

"You do, you know, you two? I don't want to get too personal."

"No. If you mean do we do it together. No, I'm still a virgin. He does it with other girls though, I know that."

"And it doesn't bother you?"

"It used to. Now it does sometimes. But I figure if he gets it out of his system now, when we get married maybe he'll settle down."

"Mary surprised me. We've done, you know, it together. But it was just something between us. We promised each other that that was how it was going to be. It tore me apart when I found out they'd done it. When I called her on the 'phone all I asked her was 'why?' and she couldn't tell me."

"Paul always tells me after he does it with a girl. He's really sorry too. What he doesn't realize is that it doesn't matter how much you apologize, you can't take back the action; you can't take back the damage that's already done."

"So why do you let him get away with it?"

"Well, that's why I came here tonight. I think he's shook up a little bit. He'll probably go back to his old self again though. I don't even know if this is going to do any good."

"Well why don't you drop him then? Why let yourself be misused like that?"

"Why do you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, after all, I love her."

"Exactly, and I love him too. That's the only

answer."

"Yeah, but don't you think it's a mistake."

"No, no, it isn't. Because when you love someone you have a purpose, a reason for living. And no matter what else happens to you, if you lose everything else in the world, if you fail at every endeavor, if none of your dreams succeed, you still have that one person. And that's all you need."

"I guess so. But what do we do about tonight. Even if you love someone, sometimes you have to teach them a lesson. You want to tell them, you know, we did it and make them hurt for a while."

"We could, I guess. Then maybe after a week or so tell them the truth."

"No. I've got even a better idea. If we do that, we're just playing games, and that's been the problem all along. Look, we sat here just now and communicated with each other. And that's the problem in our relationships. Now look, we've got this room already, Paul's paid for it, let's go call the two of them up and tell them we're tired of playing around and why don't they come over. We'll have a little party. We'll get some booze, and who knows, maybe this can be a constructive evening after all. Well, how 'bout it?"

"Alright. Okay."

"Good. Let's go. There's one of those all-night drugstores up route fifty-seven. We can get some liquor there, and call them. Okay?"

He got off the bed, and got her coat. As he helped her into it, she stuffed her book into her purse. As they walked to the car, they felt a mutual self-satisfaction. John drove very quickly, and even though they did not speak, they could sense each other's anxiousness. When they arrived at the drugstore, they hurried to the phone.

"What's Paul's number up on the third floor now?"

"0-two-six-0."

He dropped the dime into its slot and dialed the number. Someone answered the phone.

"Hello, is Paul there? Paul Wrightley, yes."

The boy dropped the phone, and returned a minute later.

"He's not in? Okay, thanks." John hung up the phone. "Damn, he's not in."

"Did they say where he was?"

"No. I forgot to ask. He must've just stepped out. That's alright. We'll ride over there and wait for him. I'll call Mary."

He dropped in a second dime, and dialed her number. "Hello. Is this Peggy? Peggy this is John. Listen, can I speak to Mary? Huh? She isn't? Oh. No, that's alright. Thanks. Bye."

He turned to Ann, who had already become pale. "She's not in either."

"Oh," she said. "She's not?"

* * *

After The Swan

The silver bears
wagging under cold moons in sleek perfect fur,
stand in utterness
silhouetted against a black january universe
to mock proud Zeus, weak Swan
the taker.

The silver bears,
monuments in white Andes heights,
wag and mourn the man in Gods.
To them, sleek shouldering saturns of galaxies,
turn thou, O Leda.
Turn with thy shattered virgin dreams
to silver bears.

—B. Neal Harris III

Brandenburger Tor

Old friend, I see you in this strange hard land,
Its hills of rubble now masked with green weeds, its
Battered buildings set like teeth against the pale sun.

I bring you news, packaged in paper, with the corner
Torn off to show anyone the contents. We talk about
My Odyssey, not yours. The smell from the chemical

Works comes through the window, so strong that it
Wakes me, nightmarishly, in the middle of the night.
The messages of redemption slide across the sky.

I eat your food, of sawdust and vegetable anil, and
Admire your flat as we shake hands in farewell at the
Immense station. I had forgotten the gross fumes of

Coal, though god knows we brew our own poison where
You and I come from. You thrust bundles on me against
My return. The train waits. We stand side by side
Examining the distance. The train waits.

— *Carl Bode*

Austrian Winter

i

Now the world lies cold, careless nude,
Fog unmoved by sky or land.
Color cannot believe itself,
Memory mystery surprised.

ii

Streetcars scream like cats,
Like waltzes winding down.
Who can recall that music,
Fathers of Mozart, stepsons of Strauss?

Their indigence is gray,
Light is all their history.
Dark dancing by degree;
Cheer is less than care, expands like ice.

iii

We contend with palenesses within
Some thing far or forgot.
Frost corrodes the mind, fear,
Faith erodes like rain.

Improbable now by a chill noon
Smothered in dullest essence a prayer:
Come, merciful mother of (perhaps) love.
Bitte, komm' come Spring.

— *Peter Van Egmond*

Welsh Memories: Fragment

Winter comes gently now —
draping as a frosted standard on windows,
curling in quiet crystal presence
on morning grass,
misting the breath with subtle resistance.
It whispers, not as a warning,
but as a fond and closing circumstance,
a deliberate passing.
After, when the knowingly wind follows,
seeks an opening, an unguarded moment,
snow will down the field with silence
over all but the howling windsounds.
The Colonel, staring through his tiffany glasses,
trying to decipher late autumn stars.
“I can’t understand the Irish,”
says Mrs. Pompereil,
reading of barricades and Catholics.
“The Irish can’t understand the Irish,”
says the Colonel,
wincing,
wondering why a compassionate God
would leave the aged ones
with nothing to say to one another.
(One Irish winter night with another,
by fire and red wine,
and whispers and breaths against the neck —
she breathed in time to Bolero;
fortissimo, she said.
Scratchy record and our bodies
moved in time . . .)

“Why are you smiling Colonel?”
“The Irish—they have strange ways.
Some were there in Alsace.
Good men—they lacked discipline, but good men.”
(Come out of charity and dance with me in Ireland.)
“They liked music.”
“I do believe I’ll go inside it’s cold out here,”
says the good Mrs.,
pulling the sweater’s wool filigree over her
as a caterpillar might a cocoon,
hoping to emerge as some beautiful thing.
The Colonel sees.
The spiders have spun webs beneath her eyes
to cure the sinking of her face.
She never danced to the song,
and her feet are deaf.
Foolish woman, who sighs at obituaries
and waters the plastic rubber plant,
you are old
and you have no memories.
“Yes, it’s cold.”
“It shan’t be long until the snow comes, Colonel,”
and the winds
“and the ice might crack the garden wall again.”
and the silence.
(When the sea green gas had cleared
and we were the victors,
and the people threw violets
and danced the candles to ashes,
then there was another
who covered us both from the mist and said,
so softly,
‘On croirait voir vivre et mourir la lune.’
Memorized for effect.)
Mrs. Pompereil collects buttons,
and speaks no French.

—Henry Gasque, Jr.

One For Warsaw, Vietnam, And The World

because I was told I could not write of Auschwitz
since it was no part of my experience or heritage.

Sharing A Ride With A Soldier of Fortune

His smoking white face shines in the metered light
Of the cab like a cheap, luminous
Crucifix one wins at carnivals—the throes throb
In plastic, mass-produced . . . but storming,
A priest cowed in soul-smoke to common
A habit.

He gave himself up for dead trying to save
The snake-skin jungle from the serpent—every word
Shrunk curses through endless green boxes
of felled curtains

“I didn’t tell my wife I was coming.”

His crush-nosed hollow eyes pass through
Houses lit along the way, selfish kittens
Racing dirt with flickering tongues of flight,
Flood-lights of blasphemy.

“I want to catch her at it.”

His tongue flips each word from the dark breach
Like an empty shell—no shooting
Left to do, just ejection of spent cartridges,
Nothing to be lost or won, just policing
Up the borders of his teeth.

— *Frank Dwyer*

So, Warsaw’s children are not mine;
my children’s heads sleep safely
and I only have one great grandmother
who was Jewish. One eighth of my blood
is not enough to make a claim, and the
blood of Bly’s small boned bodies
is no part of the arithmetic of me.
Yet who can speak of math?
What miraculous algebra makes an equation
of those six million hearts that stopped
so quietly that no one heard them cease
and one four month old nephew, dead
of a cancerous liver?
 (“Very rare in one so young.”)
Is the one idiocy greater than the other?
And who can mourn more than once
in all the ticking of our clocky hearts?

At seventeen I was glad
I had been born in ’40,
too late to bear the blame for Belsen,
but an ape named Adam tricked us
with our common blood:
we all baked long pig in those ovens.

You say I must not speak
of children’s sharded anklebones,
I have no right who only vomited
at the pain of a small son’s tonsillectomy;
I must not shudder that Vietnamese skin
should be routinely crackle-glazed by napalm,
whose chief experience with pain was labor,
my rage must be stillborn;
I must turn from India’s ancient stick-boned women
for I have only boggled at the sight
of an ulcered old lady
in a charity ward who had lived
long past a decent death anyway;
I must not ache to understand
what misery makes that black man
stand rather than sit next to me on the bus,
for surely my blood is white
in my veins.

to hell with you
I have the heritage of my eyes.
I will mourn whom I please
and how I choose:
my motherhood is all the claim I lay to pain,
my opposable thumb all the claim I need on sorrow.

— *Julia Douglass*



—Bill Oakes

Dedicated To The One I Loathe

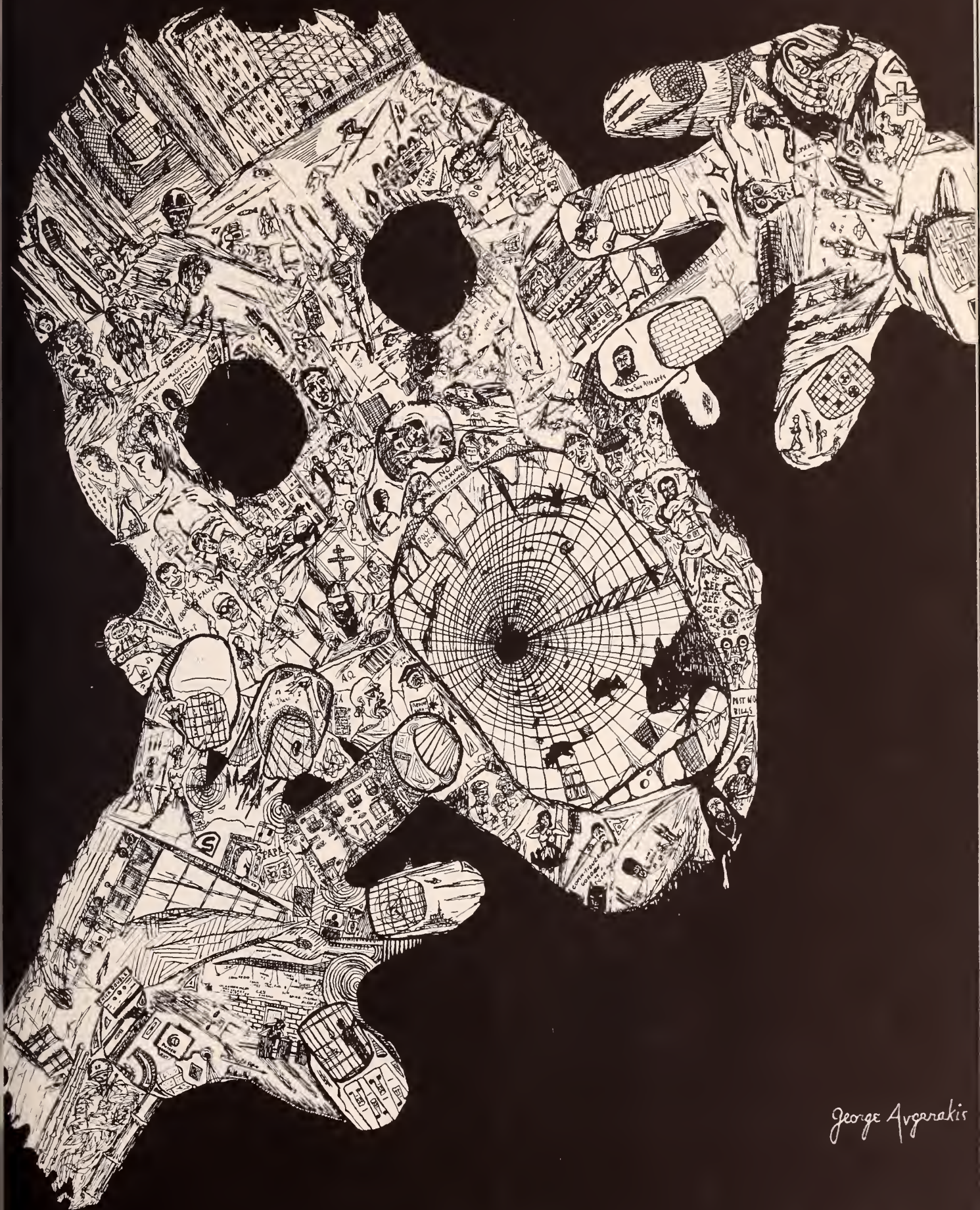
Bless you, Bossman Robber Shelton!!!
Master of all masters
and Nigger Hitler Jr.
Playing role of Honest Ape
and Georgie Wishy Washy
Plus, the watchman of the panther's cage

Congratulations, Sir Raleigh Shelton!!!!
As infamed headmaster
of nightly knight classes,
Where ye olde students suck in lessons
with corrupt, one-way cerebrums
And, eradicate smoky spirits
in brand new, Bold clean unique-forms.

Right on, Rotten Shitton!!!!!!
With your pale, scaly, beige skin,
that refuses to fold with each turn of the hourglass
And your pure 100.1% Red blood,
that demands the Oleo Mockerine crown as your own

Liberate your ears to me, MISTUH Shelton!!!!!!!!!!
I spitefully love to loathe at
your lowwww — liness
For you continue to
reopen the festering sores of my history,
For you are the ideal structure I cannot escape
nor conquer,
For there is no way I can rejoice
but, to fall in love with my hate.

—Tully Sullivan



George Avgerakis

Storm At Lake Michigan

Something has slit the darkglass lake,
cut white-scarred mouths that spit
and snap at the feet of our hunchback dune.
Some retribution has swamped the bleached-out strip
where we have sunned ourselves on striped beach towels.

The wind that last fall sent the stable sprawling
leans against the porch. Wet branches drum
the roof. "It's good to be inside," says our guest.
I watch them, wife and guest with faces red-striped
from the grate that pumps the room with heat.

I could say that I want to lash the rowboat tight:
I often do that in storms. But really I want
to run my dream-thick legs to the lake,
turn and see us from there, the porch
all orange through wildblowed treehair.

Sensing my mood, she is brushing her hair at the fire
while she tells the guest how we like these storms
on the lake. She will keep me here, dry.
She speaks whenever the pine panels split
and looks not to notice the fire licking its lips.

Like as not, it's only a crazy mood.
Already the three of us talk of other things.
I almost knew, but now I don't:
why I want to storm the white-striping lake,
warning it—"danger!" shouting out "fire!"

— Roderick H. Jellema

Hospital 3 A.M.

They are all there on paper,
charted, carted, and guarded
by the 'maculate nurses;
no one will escape tonight.
On paper, circles, lines, intersect
in magic geometry;
clean ink inscribes
every body's cycles—
lives rising, mounting, sinking
in a pen stroke, heart beat.
Pulses ticking quietly through the night
are stolen, to be indexed
with last night's pulses.
The clean wheat blowing in
an old man's dreams is noted
by no one of the stainless
people, nor does
one hear the siren
dreams.
Thick heels thud down the hall
bruising the night,
and somewhere, here, in the dark
the machines are keeping
the blood running, running.

— Julia Douglass

Confusion

Having seen most of my blood spilled on the bathroom
Floor at four o'clock this morning (how well I took it;
No panic) I have come this late afternoon to certain
Conclusions. Verbena is yellow; the smell of blood

Caked in the nostrils is actually something like
Brass—previous poets and old-school novelists
Have not lied to me. The orient rests like a rose
Occiput while across its rough horizon werefolk slink

With a certain style. The Druids hold a final mass
Before turning in their beards and ripping their
Saffron robes into cleaning cloths, not very soft.
High above me hangs a bag of blood, guaranteed to

Sing in concert with mine. Having been stabbed by
Cunning white females I lie open-veined accepting
Drop by drop what seeps into me. In vein and artery
And all parts of that system whose name I do not know

I am new. Without you I would be dead. I thank you
For sharing you with me. I am you, Mrs. Rossiter,
Aged 35, hair still blonde, only two small wrinkles
At the corners of your warm mouth, more than if I

Had slept with you and our breathing had crescendoed
Together. Maybe, maybe, I now have more of you than
Mr. Rossiter himself, home from the figleaf factory. I have
Been in nooks and crannies that Mr. Rossiter would

Never think of. His imagination would boggle at where
In Mrs. Rossiter I have been. (But the husband is always
The last to know.) And Mr. Rossiter does not even guess.
By god I am going to get well and then it might embarrass

Mrs. Rossiter to find where some of her blood will be
Coursing. Or maybe not. Maybe she would be amused.
Anyway, she has brought me back and I love her for it
And there is actually a slant sun outside my hospital

Window and Mrs. Rossiter, you had better not come near
My hospital bed or things will happen to our inter-
Chemistries that no court will ever be able to
Untangle. The courts know nothing closer than

Incest—but Oh Mrs. Rossiter, wait till I catch hold of
You.

— Carl Bode

Breaking Down Near Dawn In Carolina

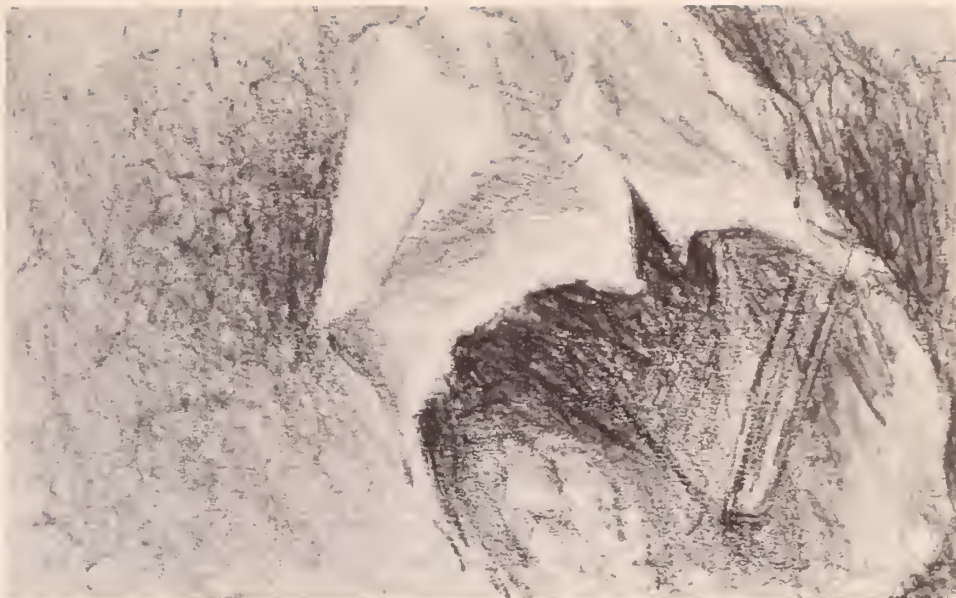
My trailing pinwheel
 broke along the path
Of the armored arm
 punching its way through the dark dead body
Of Carolina, eddied down
 next to a trading shack needing burning
Or living in, weak brute of
 dumped lumber.
Two gas pumps greeted with old globe heads
 insanely crying patience and
The narrow halls of justice with no space
 for men to squeeze between
Unmeasured. And I curled up with stubborn
 sleep, them hovering with heavy breath.
The fat woman and her son
 churning down the gut of a trail
Through the woods – her hand to her throat
 when she saw me, searching
For the pearls, scars, wrinkles, noose;
 she stepping aside,
I felt the shotgun he forgot shaking to
 level, and his dull pin-eyes failing
To dent the shell of morning. They scurried
 through, homing for a place in the cool, old
Boards of the hut, to care for the business
 of the day, the selling of shovels
Gleaming, with hidden cold smoothness
 of undersides like rocks.

Later, two females
 clattered down the dirt hill
As if kicking out
 in rugged ritual
Femininity
 by spurts of gravel
From shod feet
 Soft from night;
Smelling starch, eyes cemented,
 thoughts made them run
Over scuffed shoes and hell's cities –
 past the shack, wild hair swirling,
Lashing out at old wood and my sharp gaze
 on young trees in storm –
All reach for the light above the shifting slopes.
Is there a trail at the world's edge
 where one can break through twos
And past the bones of the living, feel with the fiendish guest,
 with a hand the formless prayers turning
Over and over, see the bitter colored dyes
 of social fears whirling to foam,
Be consumed by the sheer stomach of things?

– Frank Dwyer

A Bagatelle

—ANNE M. STEVENS



— Richard Richardson

Teeny walked very slowly. Down the path twelve steps, turn, up the path, twelve steps, turn. As she turned at the top of the path she slipped a cautious look at the kitchen window. Each time Mrs. Morgenstern's head was visible, sometimes looking straight out at her. If she caught Teeny's eye she would nod gravely, and just as gravely Teeny would nod back, and resume her walk.

This nod meant that Teeny was being a good girl. If she lingered just a moment at the bottom of the path, near the gate, the window would creak open and Mrs. Morgenstern would call to her, "Child! Don't go out there! Horses live in the alley—you'll be killed!"

So she couldn't stop near the gate. She would have liked to sit down on the kitchen steps and pet the old cat that dozed there, but if she did, the door would open and Mrs. Morgenstern, breathless from crossing the kitchen would gasp, "Child! Don't pet the kitty. He's an old cat and not used to children. He might scratch you."

She walked. After a while Mrs. Morgenstern would call her in and she could peel the potatoes for her, and set the table for supper. It would be nice to be near the stove. But a child had to have exercise in the fresh air, or it might get sick. So Teeny walked.

Suddenly the back gate opened. Teeny was startled, almost frightened, because that had never happened before and if it were a stranger coming in, Mrs. Morgenstern had said that strangers often hurt children. But it was only an old lady, fat like Mrs. Morgenstern.

"Hello little girl," the old lady puffed. "Is your—is

Mrs. Morgenstern at home? I've come over to set with her a while."

But the door was already opening. The old lady was warmly bid inside, and Teeny slipped quietly in behind her and stood by the stove. She was not ordered out. Indeed, in a moment Mrs. Morgenstern tugged her into the dining room and pressed a dime into her hand. "I'm awful short of coffee," she whispered confidentially. "If I make the pot now I won't have none left for Mr. Gus' breakfast, so you just go over the next block by your old house and ask Mr. Schwartz to grind up one half pound of his own mix for you. Be real careful. Don't speak to nobody and watch them horsecars when you cross Pennsylvania Avenue!"

Urging the child again to caution, she unlocked the door and let her out. "I'll leave it open, so don't knock. Just come in and take the package upstairs with you. Mis' Bursner don't need to know I've run short."

Teeny started down the street slowly, but in a minute her feet gave a skip, and she was fairly running on her way. She crossed Pennsylvania Avenue with scornful ease; after all, she was a big girl, five years old, not a baby like Harry and little Freida. But thinking of the little ones slowed her steps until she reminded herself that she was going to seek out Lizzie and find out what she should do about them. Surely you couldn't just take people's babies away? And change their names, too, she thought indignantly.

The first one to go had been little year-old Freitzie. Right after they came home from the funeral, the thin

lady was there, carrying a beautiful little coat and hat, like for a doll, that she had stuffed fat Freitzie into. "I made this when my own little girl was coming," she said sadly to the minister. "It's a little bit small for this one, but I'll soon make her another. Oh, I'm good with my needle, and to have a little one to dress up." She smiled at Lizzie. "I'll fix her up like a dolly, honey. Isn't she a big one, though? Is she a good girl?"

"Yes," said Lizzie briefly, folding Freida's discarded clothing and holding it under her arm. "She's fourteen months, and she can tell you when she needs the potty. She'll eat anything and she doesn't cry much."

"Oh I'll feed her careful. I'll boil everything and not let her stuff too fast. My little Bertha got the diarrhea you know. She was only little, never fat like this one. She looks so strong, and that curly yellow hair." She patted a curl, escaped from the too-small hat, and cooed, "hello pretty Bertha."

"Her name's Freitzie," said Teeny sharply, but Lizzie frowned at her. "She won't care what you call her," she assured the thin lady. "Just be nice to her. She's a good baby." And Teeny saw with fright that Lizzie's eyes were wet. She hadn't even cried at the funeral, and told them all fiercely not to dare to, because Momma always said you shouldn't cry in front of people, just in the family.

"Lizzie," Teenie started to wail, but stopped at once, because Lizzie turned dry, bright eyes on her and she saw the rule still held.

"I guess you better take her now," said Lizzie. "She'll want her supper soon."

With assurances of good boiled oatmeal and milk waiting at home the lady hefted up fat Freitzie and lugged her off, looking like a small ant with a big crumb. Teeny could have laughed then, but she was worried. Wouldn't the lady bring her back so she could sleep in her crib?

Then, after some ladies from the church had fixed the rest of them sandwiches, a wagon stopped in front of the house. Little Harry ran to the window, clutching his sandwich and yelled in delight, "A horse! Oh what a pretty horse!"

The man and lady in the wagon got down and came inside. "Mr. and Mrs. Kratz?" asked the minister. "Your little man is here to greet you by the window."

The lady, another thin little lady, but older and dressed very poor in black looked at Harry and her eyes seemed to light up. "Hello little boy. I'm your new mother." But Harry was shining all his red haired charm at the horse.

"A liddle one," grunted the heavy man. "I need a big one, lots of fields I have to plow."

"He'll grow," laughed the minister. And the lady touched the man's arm and said pleadingly, "Oh yes indeed Henry. You'll see how fast he'll be a help to

you. And young like this he'll be like our own. We've been married ten years," she told the minister. "But no children."

"Not by my fault," snorted the man with a laugh.

Lizzie stepped in again and gave the lady a pack of Harry's clothes. "He don't have much," she said. "He's growing so fast and all."

"That's all right, dear. I'll make him up some little things. I have a whole drawer of feed bags, and it'll be my pleasure to sew for him. When my work is done, of course," she added with a quick glance at her husband.

She turned to Lizzie appealingly. "Do you think he'd mind if I called him Stanley? It's my favorite name, and I always thought if I had a little boy."

Lizzie considered. "Best not. He's three, and used to Harry. Why don't you make it his middle name; Harry Stanley sounds nice."

"Well, it's a long drive to my supper," said the man abruptly, taking the package of clothes. "You sure this is all he has?"

Lizzie told him yes, and they said goodbye to Harry, who trotted out holding the lady's hand. "Horse," he chuckled. "Lizzie, I'm going with a horsie."

And there was only the minister, herself, and one old lady left in the room which had been so crowded.

"Lizzie," said the minister in a rather apologetic manner, "here is a paper with the address where you are to live. The lady has several little children, and she isn't well, or I'm sure she would have come for you. However it's only six or eight blocks away and I guess you can find it. Or I can walk over with you if you are frightened alone."

Lizzie stiffened. "I can find it." She gestured at Teeny. "But what about her?"

The minister rubbed his temple. "I don't know. Your aunt from Philadelphia is going to take her, but she can't come until Sunday. It's Wednesday now. I guess she'll have to stay with me, though my children are two in a bed already."

Lizzie stood, not touching her own bag of clothing. Then the last old lady left spoke to her. "Is your sister a good obedient child?" Lizzie assured her quickly that Teeny was. "Then this little girl can stay till Sunday with me and Mr. Morgenstern. We are not used to children, but we will be very careful of her."

So then they all left, and the minister locked the door. "I'll give the key to the landlord," he told Lizzie. "You know the furniture will be sold to help pay for the funeral. Lucky your parents left no other debts."

"We don't run bills," flashed Lizzie. "What we can't pay for, we can't have."

"Good, good," said Mrs. Morgenstern. "Your mother was a good woman. Not often at the church lately, but I see her in the store and see how she do.

She raised her children right. Too bad she and your father both die."

"Thank you for keeping my sister," said Lizzie. "Goodnight." And to Teeny, in an aside, "I'll see you."

But it was Saturday, and Lizzie had not come. So now Teeny was going to Lizzie. After she got the coffee, of course, for she was an obedient child.

In the store she stood while Mr. Schwartz ground the coffee and sniffed the delicious smell. She handed him the dime carefully and took the package. Then she asked, "Mr. Schwartz, do you know where my sister Lizzie is?"

"Yes indeed. She was in this morning, dragging two little kids behind her. She's with a Mis' Spaltz, over on Fulton Street. The 600 block, she said. That's one over and six blocks down. You going to visit her?"

But Teeny didn't want to tell that. She smiled and said "Thank you" politely, and ran out of the store.

One block over and six blocks down was easy. She folded down one finger for each block and when her hand was a fist it was the next block. But what house was Lizzie in? She walked slowly up and down, and the second time she started back Lizzie called to her in a sort of hiss, from across the street.

"Teeny!" She ran over and Lizzie grabbed her and pulled her into an areaway beside the house. "I'm glad you came. I got something for you, and this old hex never lets me out of sight. I even got to take her kids with me to the store. I would have come over tomorrow, but this is best. Keeps me out of trouble. Here," she shoved a paper bag into Teeny's hand. "I had this hid under my blouse all week in case I got a chance to come over."

The bag contained Freida's discarded baby hat and a linen children's book. "Oh, Lizzie," breathed Teeny in delight. "You saved my book. Did you steal it?" For she remembered that all the house things were to be sold.

"No silly. I packed it in my clothes, so it was outside the house when the preacher locked the door. And the hat and coat would have gone with Freitzie, but the lady didn't want them. So we can have them. And Momma made them herself, so I kept the little coat and you can have the hat to remember her by."

"I remember her." Teeny blinked back the tears. "Oh, Lizzie, won't we ever see Momma and Daddy again?"

"No, they're dead. But listen to me now, because in a little over six years I'll be sixteen, and I'm coming for you and Harry and I'll have to find you. I got your address in Philadelphia, where they wrote to Aunt Hilda, but if you should move, leave your address with some neighbor. Or if you can't find anybody to leave it with don't worry. I can ask a policeman to help me find you. I'll get Harry first, because he's nearer, and then I'll come for you."

"What about Freitzie?" asked Teeny.

"I don't know. She might not remember us. Tell you what, I'll ask her when the time comes. She's nearest of all to here."

An infant began to wail in the house. "Oh, darn," muttered Lizzie. "Now she'll yell for me." Sure enough, from the back of the house whined the thin voice.

"Lizzie—Why are you letting that baby cry?"

Lizzie started for the door, but Teeny held her. "Lizzie, when you come, how old will I be?"

Lizzie figured up hastily. "Eleven. I have to go now. You be good."

Teeny ran back to Mrs. Morgenstern's house almost happily. How good of Lizzie to save her the baby hat, and her very own book! She could hardly wait to open the bag and look at it again. And six years might go by fast, for Lizzie was almost ten already.

She slipped quietly into the house and up to the little back room where she slept. Voices came through the little round hole that provided some heat to the room. "The mother was going to have another one very soon, and when they came to take her to the hospital where her husband was dying from the accident her labor started and they could not save her or the child."

That sounded sad, and for some reason it brought her a picture of Momma in her apron from cooking supper, going out with the men who came in and told her something; how she walked in that rolling way she did lately, because she had got sort of fat. But Teeny had the book, and she sat on the bed still in her coat, because it was not very warm up in the room even if it had the heat hole, and she read it all through before Mrs. Morgenstern called that Mrs. Bursner had left and they would start supper now.

The next day they were home from church and fixing the Sunday dinner when Aunt Hilda came. "I don't want to put you out," she said when Mrs. Morgenstern invited her to eat with them, but the old lady said nonsense, she cooked plenty for all. "I always have left-over," she said, and went to fix the table, leaving Teeny with her aunt, in the parlor.

They looked at each other, seriously. Aunt Hilda was not like Momma. Neither was Teeny. Harry had got his red hair from her, while Teeny's was straight and dark blonde. Each wanted to be nice to the other, and like her, but it was hard to know what to say.

"I'm really your mother's aunt, you know, Hilda," said Aunt Hilda. "I helped raise her, and that's why she named you after me."

"My name is Teeny," the child said anxiously.

"No. That's a nickname—a kind of baby name. And you are a big girl now." Aunt Hilda did hope that Rosa had not spoiled her children, with her gay pretty ways. She had no way to deal with a spoiled child, in

one room with a sewing machine in it, where she worked all day.

"I will call you Hilda. And when we get home I will show you your name written in my Bible, with Elizabeth's and Harry's and Freida's.

"I have a book," said Teeny brightly. "Would you like me to read it to you?" Aunt Hilda did not object, so she opened her book and began "T'was the night before Christmas—" She had got to the part about "more rapid than eagles" when Aunt Hilda interrupted her.

"Hilda." She stopped, looking up. "You haven't been to school yet. You are not really reading."

"Yes, I'm reading."

"No, you are pretending to read something you remember. See." Aunt Hilda picked up a book from the table. "You can't read this book."

Teeny took it and looked at it. The letters looked all funny and different. "I can't read it," she murmured.

Aunt Hilda looked at the book. Even to her tired, strained eyes the print looked strange. It was the Morgenstern family Bible, written in German. "Never mind," she said kindly. "I will put you in school next year, and then you will learn to read."

Mrs. Morgenstern called them to dinner. As soon as the dishes were washed Aunt Hilda said they must go to catch the train. Hilda got her bag of clothes, but Mr. Morgenstern looked at it in distaste. "Not to go on the train." I have a little case you can have. It is no good to me. You can keep it. Clara!" Mrs. Morgenstern ran heavily upstairs and hurried down with the case.

"See," she said, "it is not much good. You must close the catch carefully, and if you bump it, it will fly open."

"We will be careful," said Aunt Hilda, packing in the clothes. "Thank you for the case and for all your kindness to my great niece. Also for my nice dinner."

"She is a good child," rumbled Mr. Morgenstern. "We are glad to help. She is welcome, and you are welcome."

The station was almost a mile away. Aunt Hilda walked fast, and Teeny almost ran, because a train was coming soon. They could hear it pulling in as Aunt Hilda bought Teeny's ticket. "Are you sure this is the cheapest?" she asked anxiously, but there were people behind her and they hurried along. They went down the long steps in a rush, the conductor yelling "Booard" as they came.

"Oh dear," gasped Aunt Hilda. "She must have hit the suitcase against the side of the train, for it flew open and everything fell out. The conductor helped her grab up the few things, while people pushed from behind. Aunt Hilda carried it in her arms to the first seat, and fell into it. "Oh, dear me," she gasped.

"Did you get my book?" Teeny was crying, "Aunt Hilda, did you get my book?"

"I guess so," said the old lady, hurriedly packing Teeny's mended drawers into decent concealment. "No—no, I'm sorry child. It's not here."

Teeny slumped back into her seat. Gone. In that moment she knew that everything was gone. Despite Lizzie, tears ran down her cheeks.

Oh, she is spoiled, thought Aunt Hilda in dismay. If she cries over a mere nothing like an old battered book, however shall I make out with her? Still, she felt sorry for the child in her faded little coat. "I'm going to see if I can't get somebody to give me an old coat I can make over for you," she promised brightly. Still the tears rolled. "And when the man comes through with fruit, I will buy you an orange." It meant going without tea for a few days, perhaps, but oh, thank goodness, the tears were stopping.

"Thank you," said Teeny in a muffled voice. She did not think she was thanking her aunt for the orange. Then the conductor came and punched their tickets. "May I have the tickets to keep?" she asked.

"I guess so," said Aunt Hilda.

"Tell me what it says here." Aunt Hilda showed her "Baltimore" and "Philadelphia." Then Teeny put them carefully in her suitcase and they sat and waited for the man who sold the fruit to come.

Full Circle

"One lives in the hope of becoming a memory."
— Porchia

Away for the weekend
I return to find myself.
My door draws out a stale sigh.
Inside my smells tell me
we don't need you here.

— William Holland



Omar P. Dasent

The Wound of Adonis

One summer day, Marie Antoinette
Worked in her garden along with her pet,
A whiskered, white-pawed, less-than-fat,
Romping, skitterish pussycat.
Marigold-tending Marie ignored
Her headachy, peevish, crippled lord,
Who sat in a funk, cigar in mouth,
Watching Marie destroy the drouth
That attacked the flowers. Hose in hand,
Marie intently watered the land.
But deep in the bushes along the fence,
Clumped with greenery, rich and dense,
Where night-haunting rabbits and birds can hide,
And occasional lizards are seen to glide,
Two eyes of yellow, by lilies covered,
The innocent, handsome Tommy hovered.
Before him the green, like the African veldt,
Bloomed in its beauty scarcely felt
Since the purity Eden held for Eve
Vanished. Tommy moved the leaves
And peered at Marie and her pussycat gay
Who lolled on a rock in a sexy way,
Licking her paws, and cleaning her coat.
Her tail like a wind-borne cloud did float
Idly and grandly over her head,
Which almost struck poor Tommy dead.
Out of the bushes, over the ground
He charged at the pussycat. In a bound
She leaped, and pranced, and dodged, and hissed.
Poor Tommy had his target missed.

He charged again. She romped away,
Like a lovely butterfly of May.
So light and graceful this lithe pussycat
That Tommy, whose sides were grey and fat,
Could scarcely approach this feline flighty,
The elusive and beautiful Aphrodite.
Tommy paused, bewildered, awed.
Never had he felt the flawed
And faulty paw of fate before,
Nor seen such a gorgeous pussycat soar
Away from him with guile-filled grace
Nor seen such ears or black-nosed face.
The claw of fate, or Cupid's dart,
Had gouged his side or pierced his heart.
No feline ever eluded his leap,
Or shook his whiskers, or made him creep.
Not in the annals of his thirty moons
Was his heart noted to be in ruins.
But sad and tragical was this chance
That made poor Tommy's heart to dance.
And what a paltry thing's the mind
That dreams and never sees behind
That dream, yet all the world disturbs.
Imagination never curbs
The budding hopes that grow so fast,
But never come to bloom at last.
Ah, how had fate for Tommy faltered?
He had been permanently altered.
He only dreamed. This new-struck fire
Would burn like Dido's funeral pyre
Forever and ever without the respite
Of the quenching coolness of a mating night.
I'd rather be dragged by Achilles' ponies
Than to be like Tommy *senza coglioni*.
Oh fate that alters man's estates,
And alters hope on which man waits,
And alters the past in his history books,
And cosmetically alters a woman's looks,
Can't you alter the dream's decree,
After you've altered reality?

—John Howard

At Ancient Olympia

The surrey swings from side to side,
The driver speaks: "Kennedy, Greek."
He smiles, trusting me to know
And turns his eyes back to the road.

Of all the numbered memories,
Broken statues, wretched trees,
The Hermes of Praxiteles:
The chaos of old metaphors,
My memory's Kennedy is Jack.

These stones, this name, the ballast of our dreams
The tension of a metaphor released
The force that shapes these stones, this name,
The vital ghosts as always they
Have been in the light that is only Greek.

And if it be the history
Of men dreaming murdering dreams
To wake at night and vex their thoughts
The soul murmuring to the heart,
This is mine: Jack Kennedy, Jack Kennedy.

—Peter Van Egmond

Five

I

We fear both burning and drowning,
Having no choice, remembering.
After the last dream before waking
Instances are asked for and recorded,
Images of a world in sunlight.

II

Weaving a pattern in the night,
Blending light and sound and shadow,
The player bends before his instrument,
Striking from the wired strings
The touch of sunlight spilled on sand and water.

III

Night flowers
Hang their odor heavy in the air;
These are remembrances
Like clouds about the moon
That come and pass, almost unperceived.

IV

Shaper of thought's substance,
The poet is asleep;
In silence he dreams of finished wood
And of the carpenter
And of the love and skill and power of the craft.

V

Woman, bare yourself before the sun,
Strip cloth from flesh
And final flesh from bone,
A cloth more sensual than yellow cloth,
That sense of flesh, the brightest nakedness.

—Robert S. Zelenka

Moon Walk

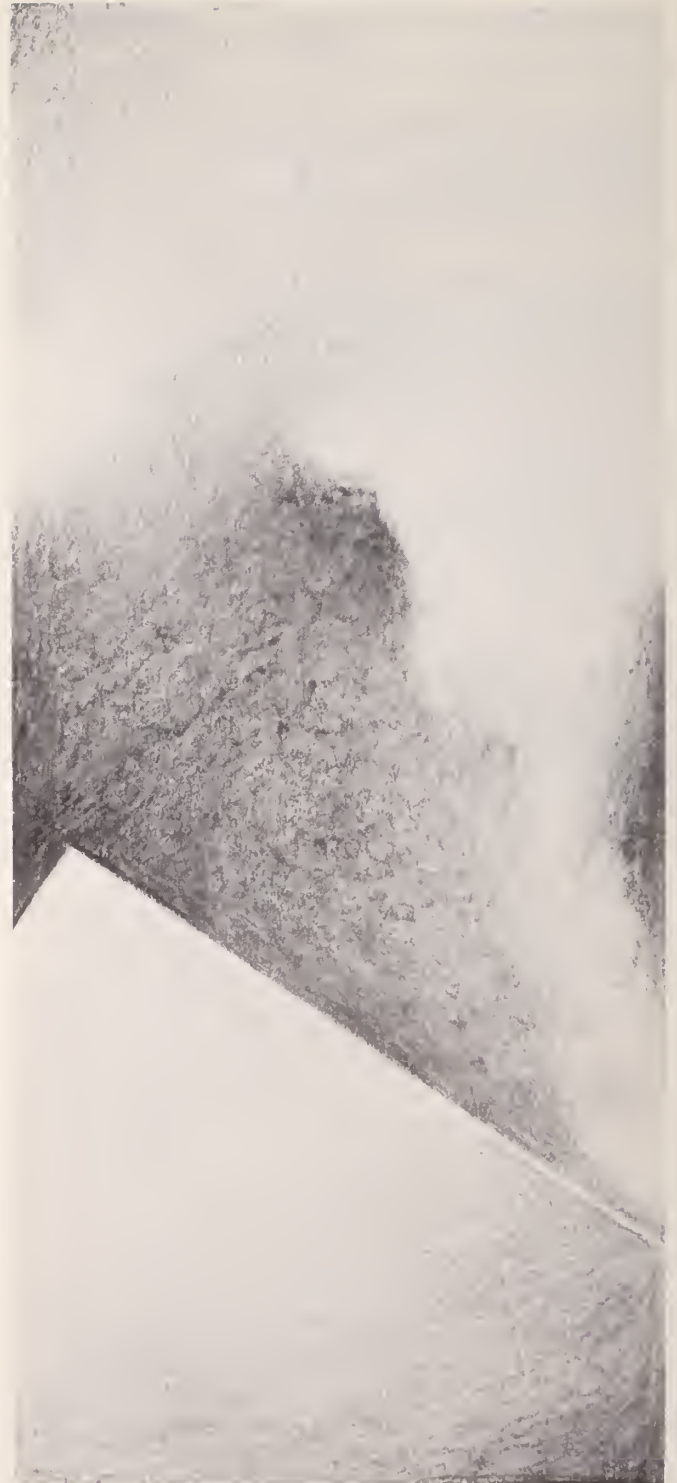
Three isolated lights beam off and on,
Red tower signals dull against the sky,
Shall I impose a symbol? No, I yawn
And step upon the gas and would defy
Those voices from the moon. Watching us fawn
On those in white coats as once those in black, I
Feel superfluous — what historic dawn
Shall sweep away my lonely diffidence
And clear the earth for men of common sense?

Our masochism feeds on such events,
Like tortured prisoners who implore their blows,
Our lives lashed with utopian intents
Allow none of our senses to disclose
The curving grace which our accomplishments
Cannot eclipse. And yet my dashboard glows
More brightly than the Word — these hallowed hints,
Are they just my recalcitrance, the gripe
Voiced by some vanishing archaic type?

Shall I invoke the spirit of Hart Crane?
And say we seek to wed the universe?
And through the sky's opening thighs regain
God's lost Shekinah exiled by man's curse?
Our science seeks what Homer's gods attain:
The humanizing of natural force.
But now that I have said it I again
Resume my awkward shuffling, still unsure
If my motives for this poem are not impure.

Three isolated lights beam off and on,
Red tower signals dull against the skies,
It is not longing (such feelings are gone)
But the longing to long which occupies
My heart. And now that we are on the moon
Our great elation serves to emphasize
When all's considered, how we are alone:
Refocusing Pascal's contorted face
That knew distances greater than those of space.

—Stephen Gurney



—Richard Richardson



— Richard Richardson

Discovery

Past Fear, past Comfort, past Good Hope,
and past Despair—I saw the unicorn,
gaunt, drooping, with disheveled hair.
Golden his horn.

And there a shimmering sheet of Arctic ice; and there
and thus, serenity.

Past seas distraught, through violet air,
burning me black, distempered lay
in Zaragoza's twisting snare,
near Baia's bay.

Gold we grasped, and emerald dew
lay like green leaves athwart my thigh.
Adamant glittered, rose in hue,
king-crowning; dazzled black my eye.

Who sprawling, drenched, drowned, lie against a shore
of flowered fountains, slaving, that flow no more.

—John Coulter *fecit (said it)*
November 9, 1967-September 15, 1968

Electrical Storm In The Pineforest For Primus St. John

Some of us, of course,
get no distance,

like Primus.

Wandering, he was too close
to where and when it struck
it struck him dumb and black and
down against a burnt stump
he felt the changing heat
of things toward dying.

Now cold needles encourage him
to talk about it.

— Edward Gold

To A Student Poet, Hospitalized, Having "Broken With Reality" (FOR V.H.)

In the waiting room of the psychiatric ward
I try to see what your mind would see
Down the dark hall between us. A red light comes on,
The call-light over the door of your room,

And I see

A flare through the drug of your half-sleep
For one of those blurs of white to walk
Up the grey corridor of an emptiness
Bringing some token of physical fact,
Cool wetness or the texture of wool.
You press your soft clamor into a button:
Your need shoots through wire as a dull, red ache.

I see the glow of bloodshot eye
As though a block of optic nerve
Were straining behind the slack mouth of your room
To focus itself on an old world-sadness:

Or blood wiped across the lintel of your door.
A prayer to Justice (riding the squeal
Of a crippled stretcher-cart) .
To honor the smear of red and pass over.

A nurse, playing God, has put out your light.
My mind still arranges these metaphors.
These are not madness. Madness begins,
Like mathematics, with what is measured —
Court papers, elections, a crashed plane, clocks —
Things for a while to you unreal.
And in part you are right: at least resist
Their fairytale science that beats a man down
To half his mind. Hold on to the half
Denied us in our interpreted world.
Making us crack our minds on our art.

O these images, figures have always been real,
Giving us need to touch, to see,
Need to strain in the dark, to lose,
To hang from the mind a bloody lamb.

—Roderick H. Jellema



